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clockwise from top of page: **LUCIANA** TAI ELLIS **ISADORA** ANNA NOVA CARA LOTT VANESSA VIDEL JULES DO I LOOK THE PART?

I'm rich, single and looking for sex.
I get invited to all the right parties,

have a boatload of cash and live

You got the balls to check me out?

the life of a rockstar's groupie.



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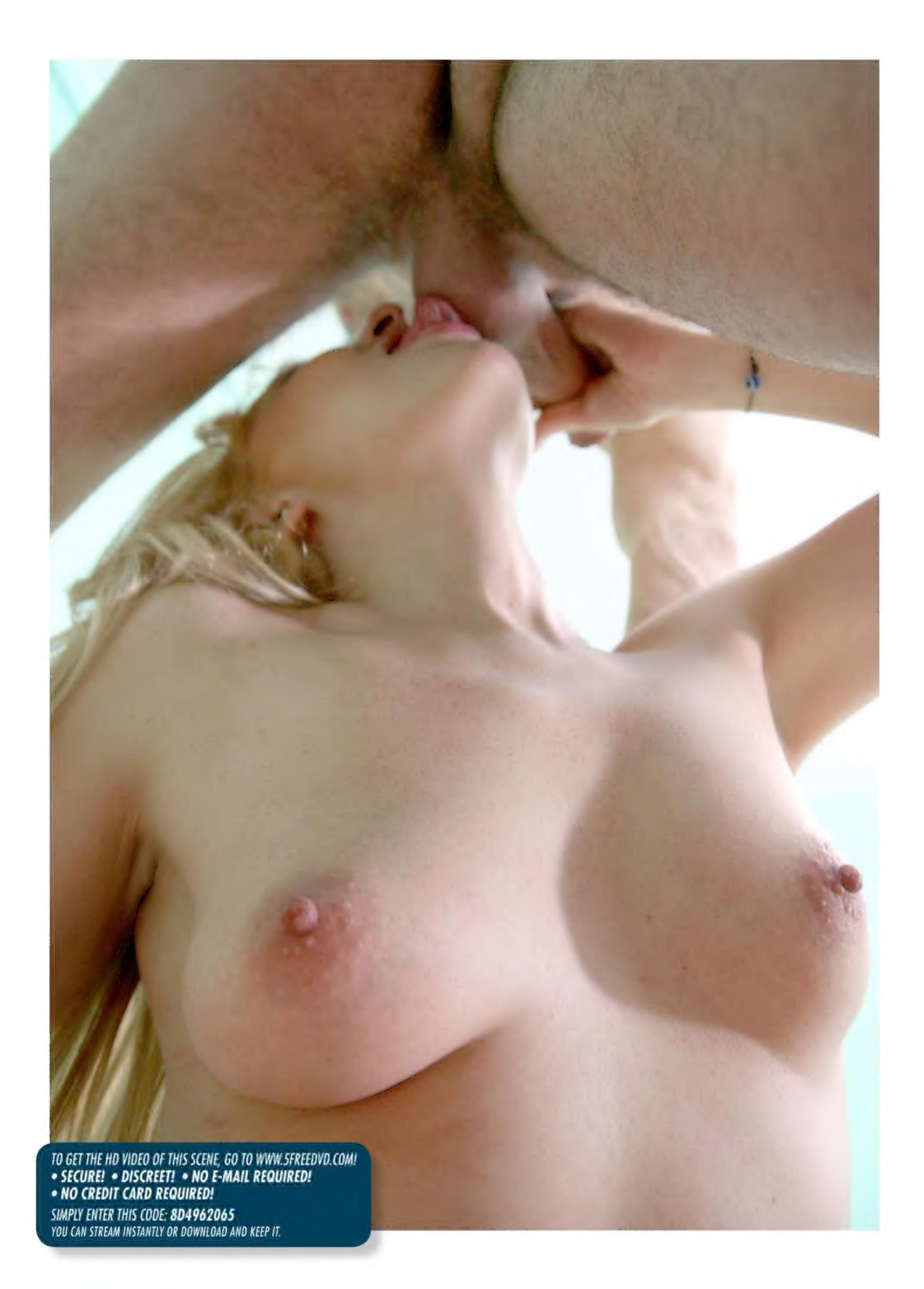
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It's a fine Sunday afternoon and you're here
with me, Tai. Im going to
have a gentleman caller
over in a few minutes
and we're going to do
things that most of us do
on a Sunday afternoon.
Watch football.

Then we're going to get down and dirty, and here's how... First, I'm going to ride his long cock and take it deep into my pussy. Then we'll do another position and a third and then a fourth. In the meantime you'll be getting hotter and hotter until you turn the page and see me suck his cock and balls until he cums.

Just like you.









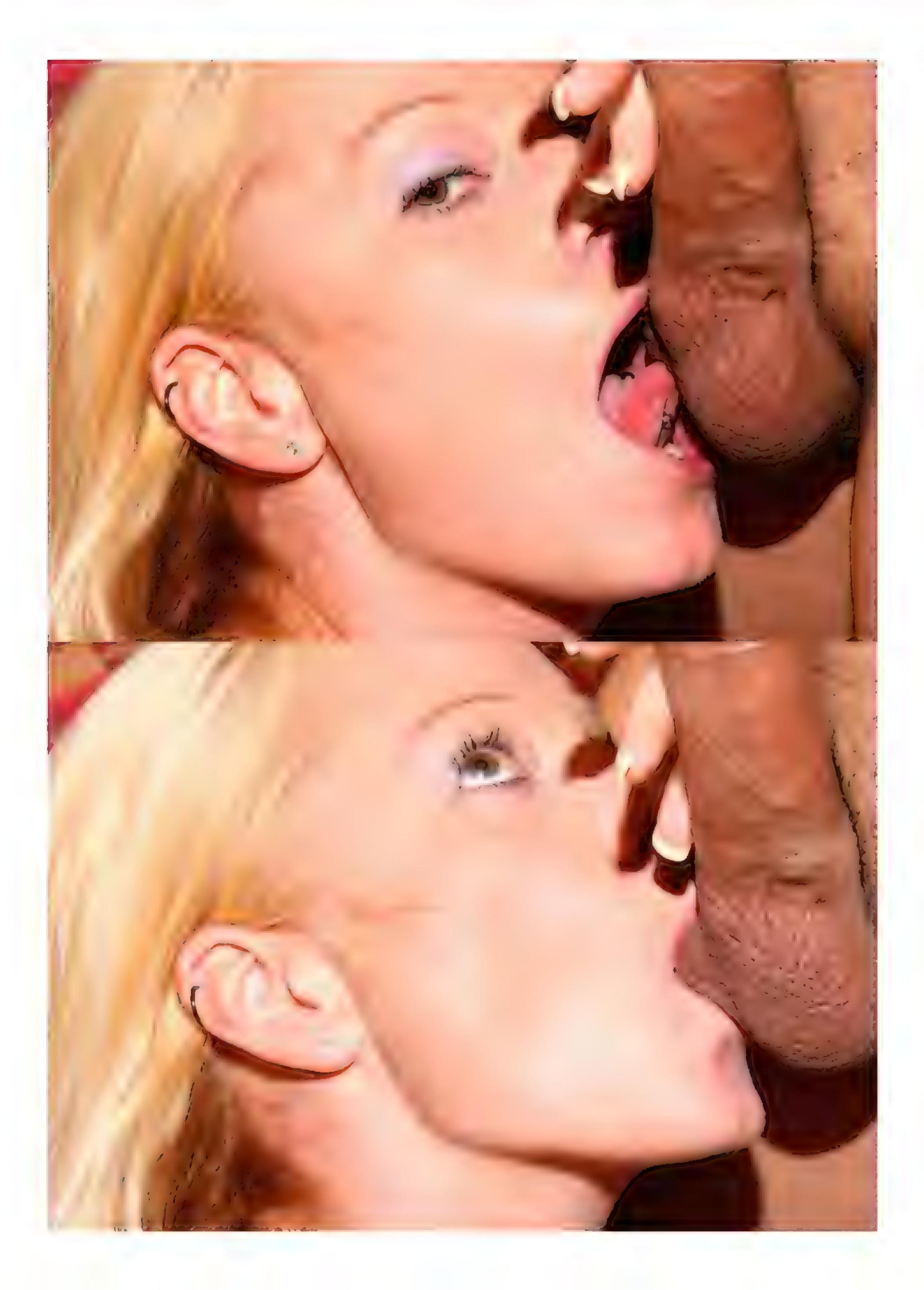
















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I'm also sassy, opinionated, a bitch, a sweetheart, your lover, and your worst nightmare. I'm your ex — asshole.

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NASTY HOUSEWIVES PRESENTS

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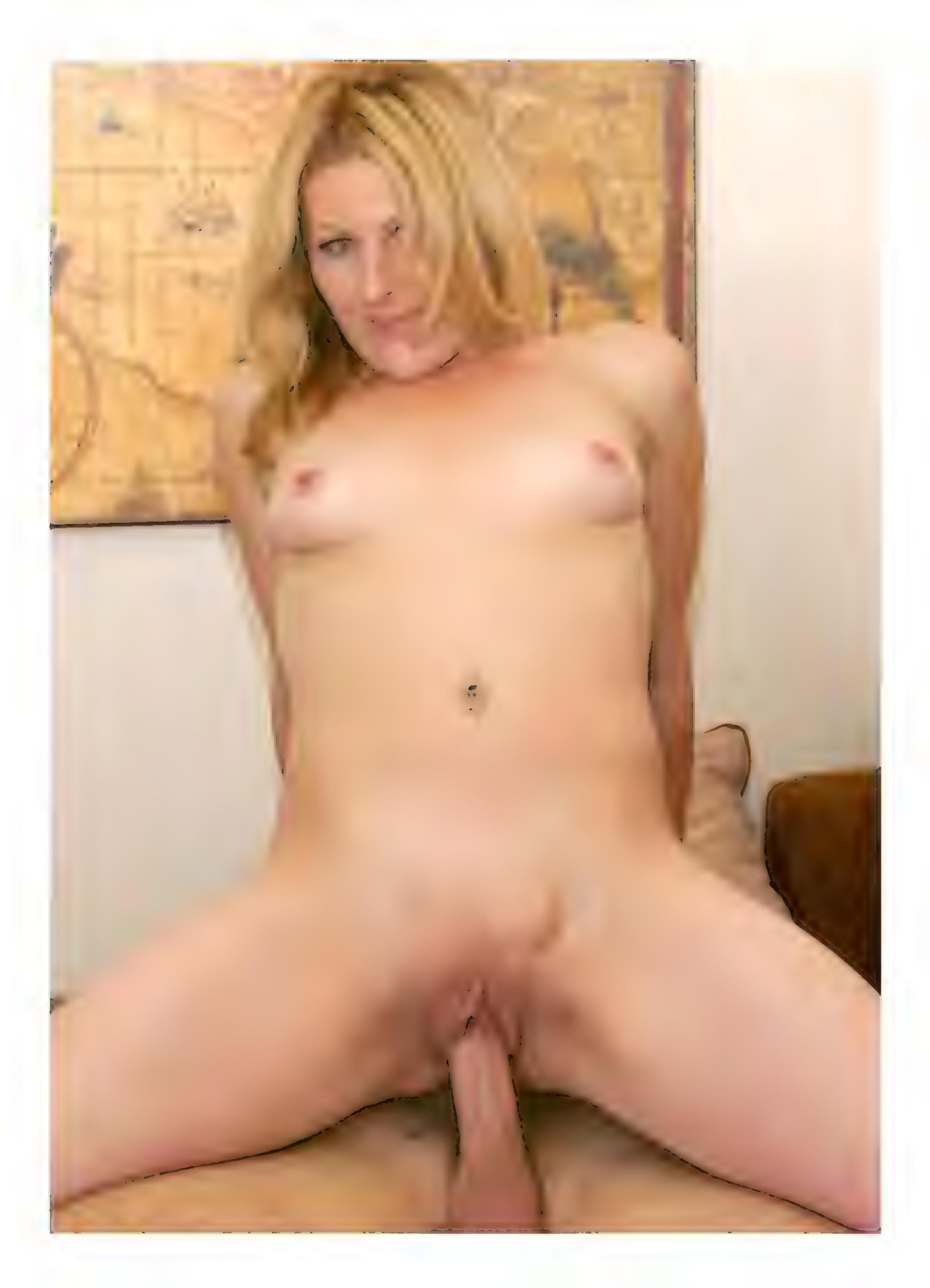






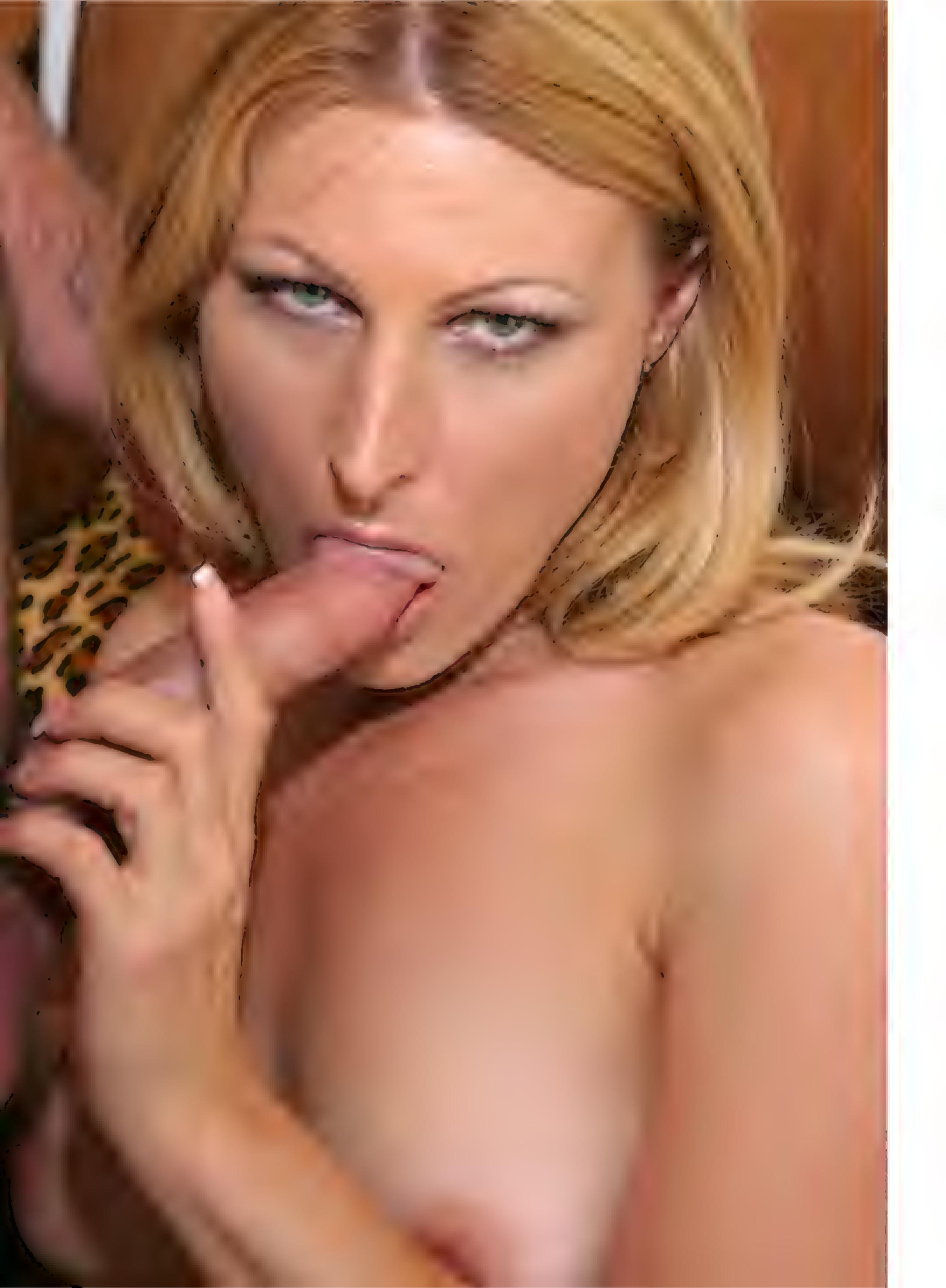














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Catharsis

Hello Mr. Editor, I'm quite shy, but I feel that I need to express myself about a man I've liked for years, yet will never have the gumption to tell him. I'm now 51 and some things don't come as easy as they did when I was younger. Yes, I'm successful in many things, except love. If you have it in your heart and some space on your pages, would you please publish this letter. Maybe he will read it and find out how I feel.

My dearest, I want to be your little secret I crave to be your secret, you are all I think about after the night we met. I remember the whole thing like it was yesterday, you were standing there staring me down with the look of lust in your eyes. I glare at you and I see a nice, handsome man in a midnight blue suit, you have a wine glass in your hand, and your laughing with your wife as you celebrate your birthday.

Now I am a young woman, I have smooth, tan skin, long cury light brown hair that I wear way past my shoulders. My dress looks like it was painted on. As you look at me long you notice my skinny eyebrows, my big, bright hazel eyes, my full red glossy lips, you start to look further down



Dear 50+ editors:

Even though I've been buying and enjoying your magazine for a couple years now, I have not written to you, or any other magazine for that matter, about the women that you choose to publish. Until now. I must say that Cat is just my type of woman. Robust, full of life, and a great body, too.

I really enjoyed her pictures and have gone back to view them many times. I've even checked out her video online (which was quite a feat for me since I'm not that computer savvy) and she's just as hot there. I know I'll probably never get a chance to meet her, but please send her my admiration.

- Gregory B. from Denver

and you see my firm high breasts. I notice your wife is getting mad that you are looking at me for so long so I had to make her even more angry. I turn around so of both you can see my small thin waist and my firm round ass.

I can no longer tease anymore. I want to make my move. I walk over to the window. I start to look to the moutains as the night sky just floats over the moutains with the stars bright as the sun. I put a cherry in my mouth and start to lick my lips teasing you. You see I'm looking at a door. I walk over to the door while still sucking on my cherry. Right before I put my first foot through the door, I look back to make sure your eyes are still on me.

As I wait for you, I walk over to the window. The room is so dark all you can see is the bed with the moon light shining in. I slip out of my dress and as soon as it starts to fall to my feet you walk in. you grab me on the back of my arm nice and tight.

How dare you stare at me like that. If you love your wife so much why are you here in this room? Because you want me. If you didn't want me, you wouldn't be here with me. (I turn around so my hard nipples

can touch your shirt.) As I start talking, I undo your shirt. You see I know and you know (now I'm kissing your lips) you want something new. No, you need some thing new. (I start to kiss down towards your stomach) Yes, your wife loves you but she doesn't make love you like I could. There was probably a time you two fucked like rabbits; now you would be lucky to get it once in one month.

Now, I start to kiss your growing bulge and then I lay down on the bed as the silk sheets lay under my body. I push myself up with my arms, then look at you and I motion for you to come closer as I lick my lips. You stand there looking interested, so I spread my legs open so you can see my pussy. As I rub, my wet pussy juices begin to drip down my legs and the sheets. You start to walk closer as you undo your clothes. By the time you are on top me, we are eye to eye lips to lips – locked onto each other.

I stare into your eyes. My head falls back, my mouth moans, and I know I am in love. You start to push in and out as my moans get lost in this all. You start to lick on nipples and I put my hand on your head as you suck harder and harder. Soon you let go and look into my eyes. You kiss my lips and I start to close my eyes and moan as you pump in and out of me. Then we roll over and its my turn to take control. I start grinding my hips. Then I start to move back and forth. I go faster then I start to moan and throw my head back as I am about to cum. I grab you chest as the pleasure of it rushs through my veins.

I start to look you in the eyes again and I notice you are looking at me, You see the beauty past our sex you see what you have been missing. You've been missing sex that wasn't planned. Your wife will suck you for five minutes, lay down on her back for ten, then wait for you to cum. But with me its different. I let you stay in me as long as you wish. I am something different. Something you can't get in your world. I am whatever you want me to be.

So I get up and walk over to the window. I feel you looking, staring at me, exploring my naked body. I start to put my dress on as you start to dress as well. Even though I can't see you, I hear you. You walk over behind me, grab my arm and whisper into my ear:

"Will I ever see you again?"

Quietly, I turn around and put a card into your suit pocket. We hear the door knock. Turning your head to the door, you see a hand push the door open wider. You know that hand anywhere, it's your wife's hand. You start to think of what lie you're going to tell her. How can you explain this? Did you just wash away your marriage away with this? Can you handle



this right now? As soon as you open you mouth to say a word, she says:

"Darling, I've been looking for you all night. Have you been in here?"

You can't understand why she isn't shocked about seeing me at your side. Soon she walks over and places her hand on your face and kisses your lips as she looks into your eyes.

"Baby, you look like you've just seen a ghost. What have you been doing in here, and why is it so cold in here?"

You turn around and see the curtians blowing in the wind. You look out the window and stare at the moon. You and your wife start to head towards the door, then you both walk down the hall. You say goodbye to all your friends. You grasp your wife's hand and you walk to the door. You hold the door for her and try to act as if nothing happened. Just before you get into your car, you go into your pocket to find my card so you can call me but all my card reads is:

"Happy Birthday."

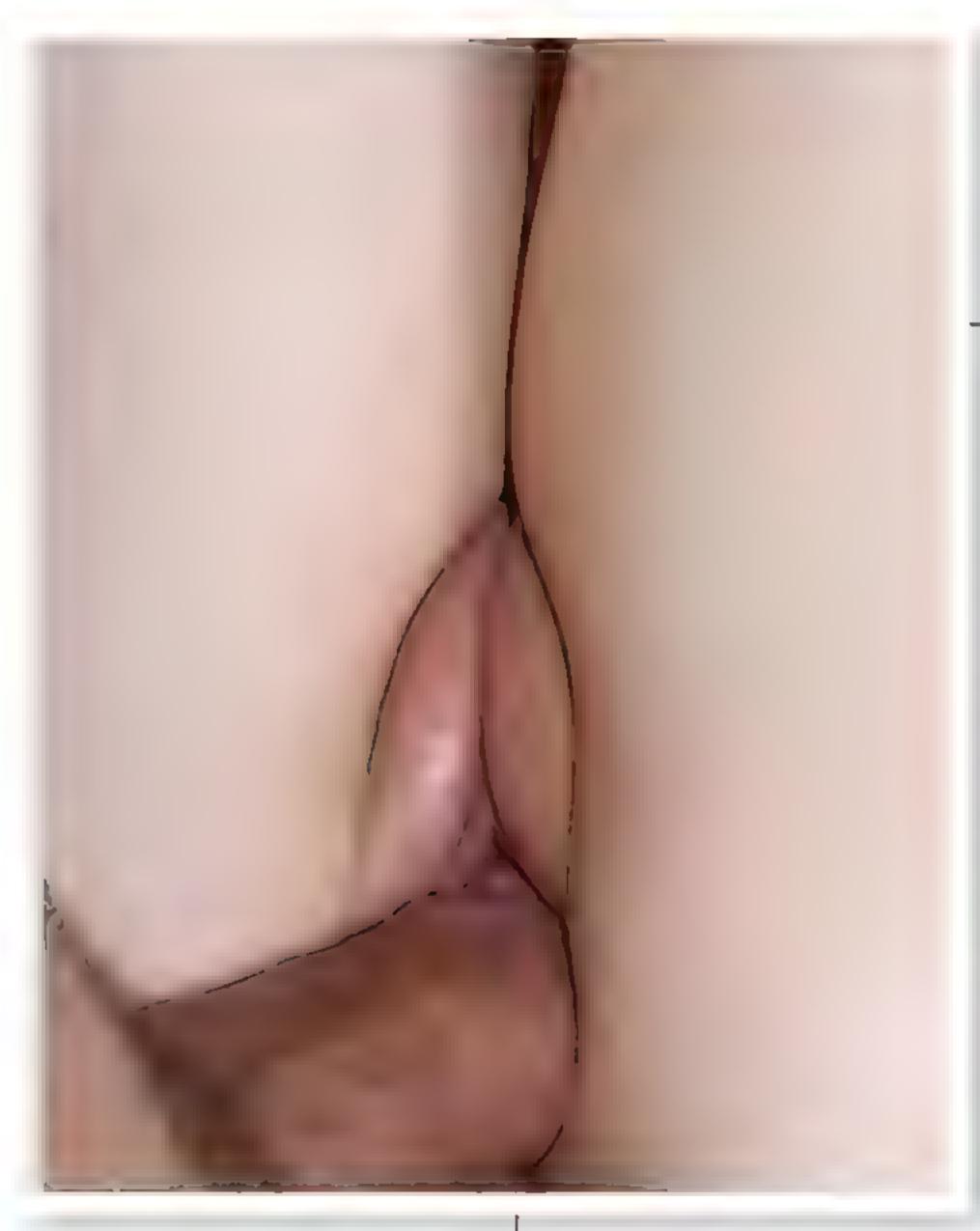
Now, it's thirty years later and that night is still fresh in my mind. As you get older, memories mean so much more and since you cannot change them, you relive them. So here's hoping you find this letter and remember that night so long ago.

- Rebecca C., Atlanta

Make her happy

As sexual beings, we all want to be pleased (yes, we all want to be loved, but that's a different letter). Over time, I've learned that females give better head to other females than men do. That could be one reason why there seem to be so many gay women out there. If guys were as good as girls at giving women head, it wouldn't matter if a guy had a one inch cock or a ten inch cock. Women have no cock and they can get more women than men. With that being saiud, I tried to figure out why women are so much better then men at cunnilingus. I believe the answer is that





women know the female body better. They know what they like and they know what feels good. Men don't have a clue unless they are told. So that is the purpose of this letter. To help you men that seem to fall short in the pussy-licking-her-until she-orgasms department.

You must first understand that diving in roughly and lapping away just will not cut it. Try letting your lips go everywhere else nearby but leave her love button for later. Dance your lips and tongue up and down the inner thighs, her stomach, and let your lips caress her breasts. (but not too roughly there, either) Be creative in your oral foreplay with her.

Then, when you finally do allow your tongue to taste her sweetness, treat it like the petals of a Tasha that you don't want to crush.

Start by licking the outer petals ever so gently. And when your tongue does finally enter the inner folds of her pussy lips, lick them as if you were licking a Tasha petal and were afraid to crush it. Be sure to find and pay attention to her urinary opening and just below that the vaginal opening. You can gently stick your tongue into the vaginal opening, with 'gently' being the operative word here.

When her sex juices start flowing, you'll know it is time to proceed on the road to her oral pleasure. She's wet and moaning for more. Now you can pull back the little hood of her clit and give it the arttention it's been craving up to now. You'll see that it's erect and she's excited. Most ladies will like their lover to start out gently licking and sucking on their clits. You can probably get rougher later.

After you've finished with your tongue, it's time to use your fingers. Again, gentle is the key word here when you insert a finger into her vagina. Obviously, start with one, then two and then as many as she is comfortable with. Be sure your hands are clean and nails trimmed. Insert fingers with the nails facing down so that after you have inserted the fingers you can curl them and rub her G-spot.

You'll know things are going well if you're sucking or
licking her clit and rubbing
her G-spot, she'll give you
a reaction if you are doing
it right. If you are adept
enough and can lick her
with your tongue and have
a couple fingers inserted in
her pussy rubbing her insides, she'll be putty in your
hands, and mouth. I believe
almost all women can cum
in this manner if done
patiently and correctly.

Now that you've graduated with tongue and hand in the pussy, let's move on to the other side of pleasure. Her backside.

As before, hygene is even more important here. First with you. Clean fingers and short, manicured nails are the best way to get started. You'll need some lube. It's a must for beginners and pros alike. Generously lube your index or (not and, unless you've done this before or she wants two) middle finger into her anus, slowly. Her butt should should

respond nicely and you can then finger-fuck her asshole until she cums or you both decide to replace your finger with your cock (which by all accounts should be rock hard by now).

Now that both of her holes are receptive to you, try getting a bit more adventurous. Try a couple fingers in her pussy and one in her butt. She'll feel like she's getting double penetrated without the bother of two sweaty guys all over her. Or add toys to your oral love-making. She probably has a favorite vibrator or dildo you can use on her. Use it on or in her anus while you use the two fingers to massage the G-spot and your lips and tongue to stimulate the clit. If she likes that, consider giving her a double-headed vibe for a special day and have fun.

There are a myriad of possiblities when it comes to satisfying your woman without your cock. Explore them as you explore her. Communication is essential to creative sex, so get oiut there and get creative.

Hillary S., Scottsdale, AZ

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I consider myself a bold lover. What's that, you might ask? Exactly what it means, I say.

I will do anything as long as no one get hurt and everyone has fun.

Sex is about fun. I want my lovers to know they've had a great time as well as just having been fucked.

















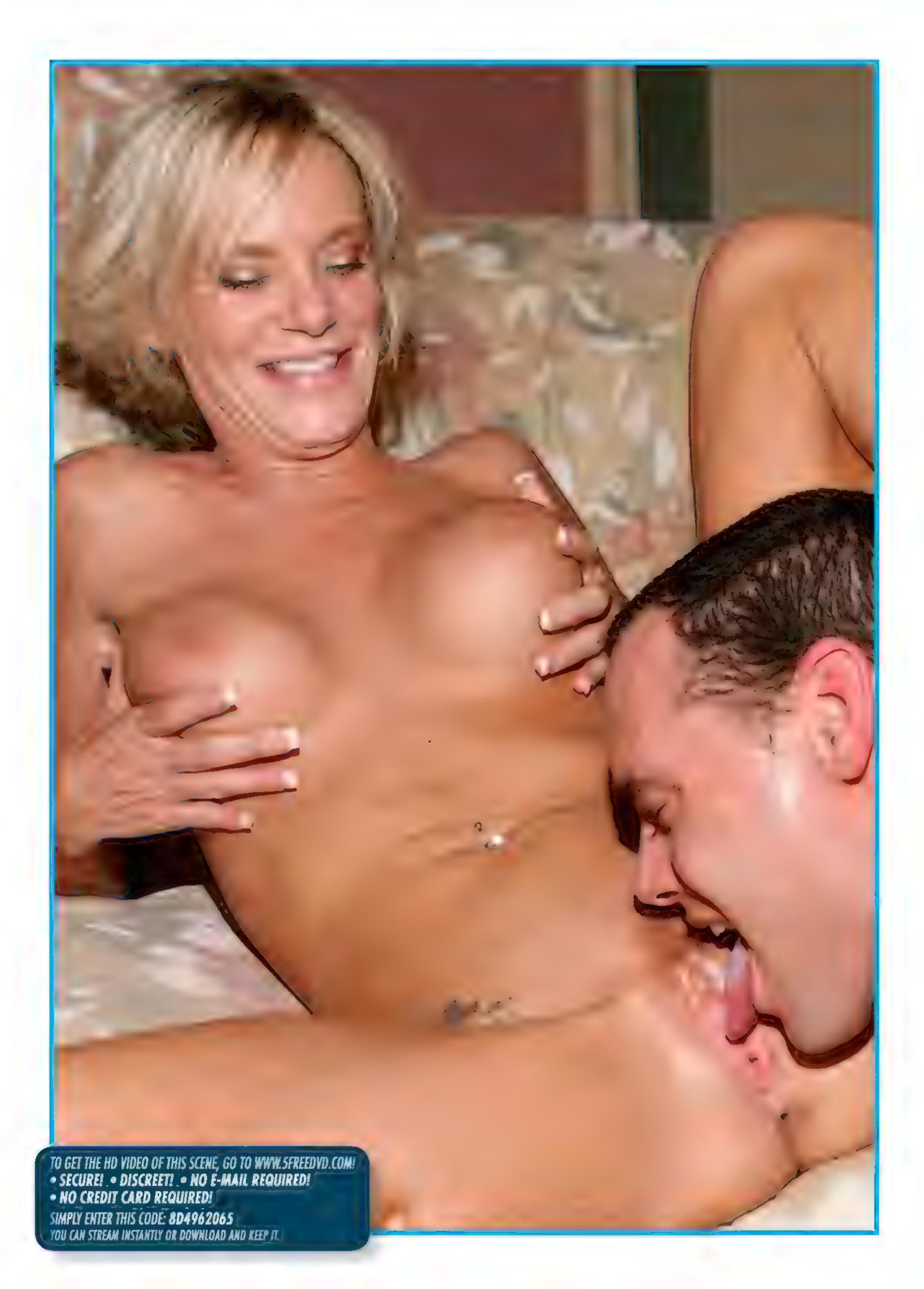






























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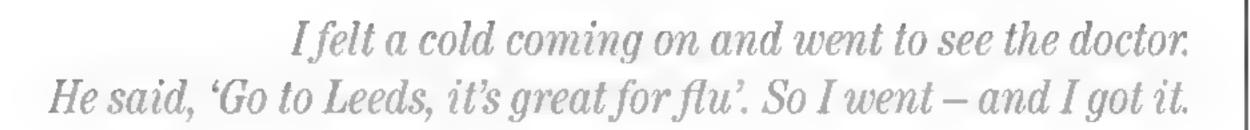
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on the thames big ben isn't all that big

IT'S NOT THE SIZE OF THE BRIT THAT MATTERS

My name is Antoinette but they call me Toni. I've been here in London for a couple months. Now I'm winding down. You see, I'm an organizer for the USLOOC (US London Olympic Organizing Comittee). My assignment is the US Men's Fencing Team. My name was pulled from a pool of staffers and, how ironic, I'm gay and I have to organize a bunch of guys who play with their swords. Even more so, I look around London and all the tall buildings here seem more phallic than anywhere else I've been. Big Ben (yes, I learned that's what the Brits call the clock, not the clock tower), The Gherkin, The Shard. Now the Olympics are over and I've been granted some R&R for a couple more weeks. Fall's coming and the weather is getting cooler and,

surprise, wetter. Almost everyone else has gone back to the states and I'm starting to get a little more lonely daily.

NORTH

Alone, I'm at The Red Lion on the Thames getting a drink. It's a famous (and safe) pub catering to business and politicals. I remember the first time our eyes caught each others. I was sitting at the bar, not paying attention at all to the men before me. Then I saw her. Eyes flickered up to me from her beer. She quickly looked away, her face turning slightly red. With haste, she got up and threw some money on the counter.

I jumped off my bar-

stool and it fell behind me with a loud thud as I ran out the door. The barkeep yelling after me. I looked each way, but the night's mist enveloped her, and she was gone. I went back in and got angry at myself for not talking to her. I came back the next night, same time, and waited for to see her. She did not show. I asked the barkeep, "That girl sitting here yesterday," I pointed to the corner, "Do you know who she is?"

"Sure do," he responds. "She's been in here a few times before but never for very long. I think she has a foreign accent. Maybe Russian? I think I heard her say that she's a waitress at the restaurant upstairs. She stops in for a drink or two after her shift is over. Guys

> try to talk to her but she doesn't seem interested. Why? Do you like her, Toni?" He smiled, a teasing smile, "You don't even know if she is gay or not!"

> My thoughts were full of her when I was laying in bed. Of me ravishing her, and all the things I would do. I found myself too turned on to sleep, so I slid my hand under my panties, and closed my eyes. I imagined it was her hand, slowly rubbing, and sliding her fingers into me. I started out slow, and sped up, as did my heart. When I felt myself cumming, a moan escaped me,

and the release left







me numb with pleasure. My fingers were sticky and I licked them, imagining I was tasting her.

I wake up to another cold and rainy morning as it always is in London. I got up and opened my closet, and hummed to myself as I looked for something decent. I grabbed my umbrella and ran out the door. I decided to walk because The Red Lion didn't open for another hour or so. The restaurant had a few people already seated, when I came in.

"How many, missy?" he host asked. "One, please." I started following him through a small hall, "Um, is there a girl working here with black hair and a Rudssian accent?" I asked. "You must mean Tasha?" The host glancing back while walk. "Would you like to be seated in her area?"

He set me at a small table towars the back of the dining room. I see her walking over. She had a white blouse

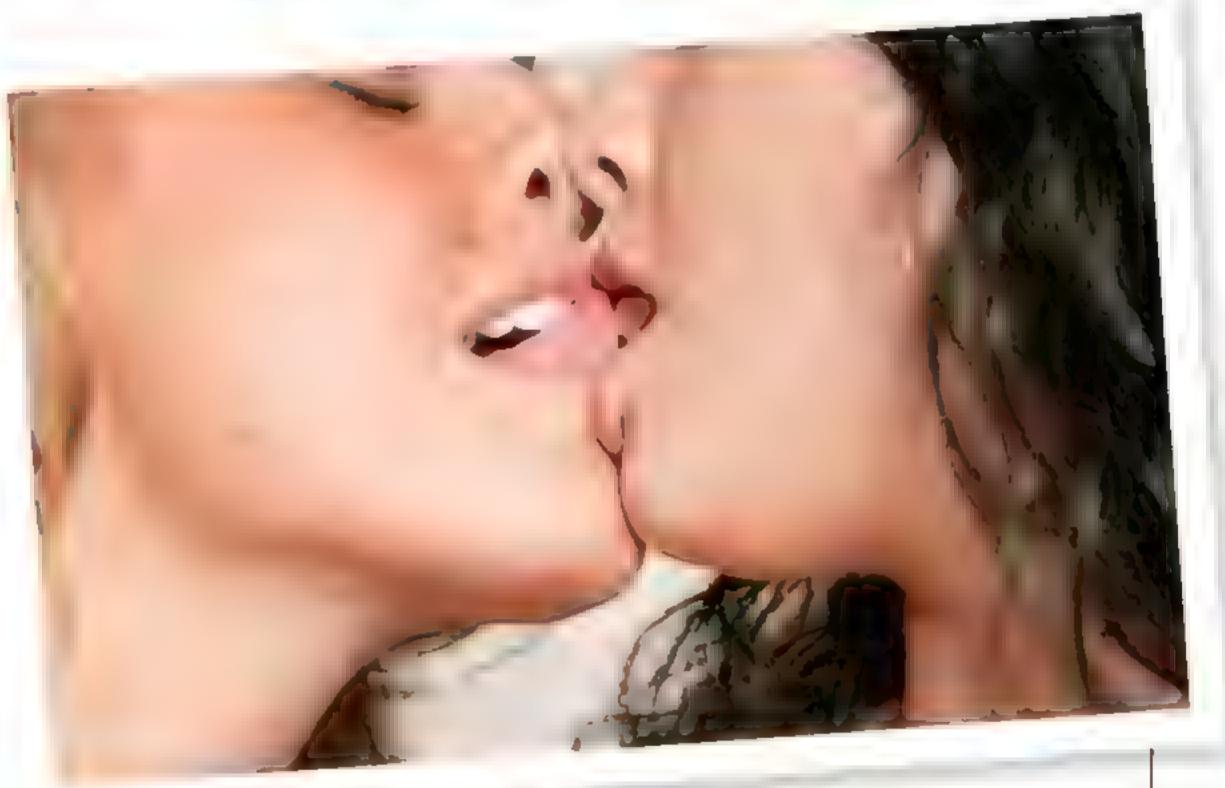
and black skirt. The uniform for the wait staff, I imagined. Tasha seemed to recognize me. "Welcome to The Red Lion, may I get you a drink?" she said in a soft Russian accent. Her facial expression was relaxed, and her eyes too, but her red cheeks betrayed her. "I'd like a glass of wine – pinot grigio, please."

A few moments later she returned. Her hand was slightly shaking, almost unnoticeable, she placed the glass down never looking away from my eyes, "Have you decided on your meal?" "Not yet," I admitted, "I wasn't looking at the menu. You distracted me too much." A smile flashed across Tasha's face, and left as fast as it came, "May I recommend the Chicken Kiev?" she said with a wry smile.

"That sound delicious." I said back, wondering if that was some kind of hint. She left, but glanced back at me before disappearing around the corner. Shortly, Tasha returned with my dinner. As she leaned across the table to move the salt and pepper shakers, for a few brief seconds her magnificent breasts where right in front of me. Her breathing rapid and nervous, just as mine. She stood up and we were looking at each other. I was holding every fiber of myself back from grabbing her and taking her there on the table, "Would you

like anything else?" I looked at her straight in the eye and said "When do you get off, Tasha?" Startled, she said "How do you know my name?" I replied that the host had told me. Reassured, she said "My shift ends at midnight, tonight"

With that Tasha left, and my eyes followed her out. I ate everything without paying much attention to the food. I was daydreaming about sucking her breasts, clit, and other things. I finished without realizing, and Tasha brought my check when she saw I had finished. I took out a fifty euro bill from my wallet, handed it to her and told her to keep ten euros for her service. On the back of my receipt was her phone number. Outside the rain had stopped. I sat on a bench nearby, umbrella resting on my shoulder as I entered her number on my phone. An hour and a half later Tasha came out of the restaurant and she was walking towards me. I moved over in the bench so she could sit in the dry area. She sat down next to



me, our thighs

touch and even that sent me on a hormonal craze. "We don't know each other, but I would like to change that." She looked at her watch, "I really must go." She touched my thigh and left. "You have my number..."

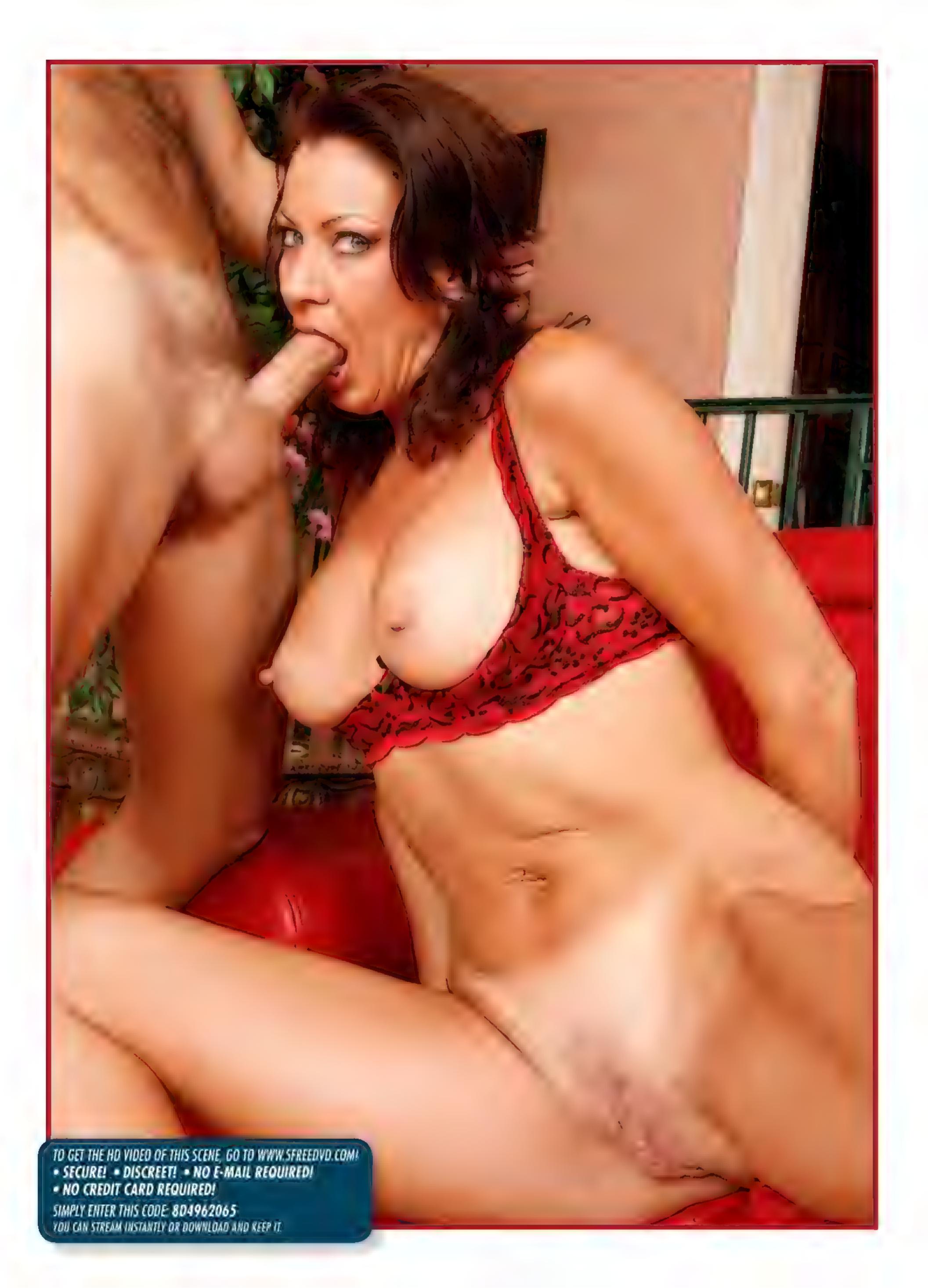
I got up as fast as I could, and ran towards her, "Do you have a car?" She kept walking, "No, I walk. Care to join me?" Her whole face was red, from blushing and the cold weather. I removed my yellow scarf and gave it to her. She smiled and nodded in return. Tasha took a few steps more and looked *Concluded on page 95*

Vanessa has an insatiable thirst for men. An overwhelming thirst for man sex. An uncontrollable thirst for man juice.

Today she's on the prowl for cock and it looks like she found some. Who could resist a female predator when she looks like this. She's got all her sex parts ready, Are you;







































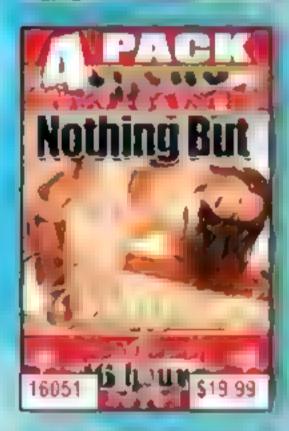








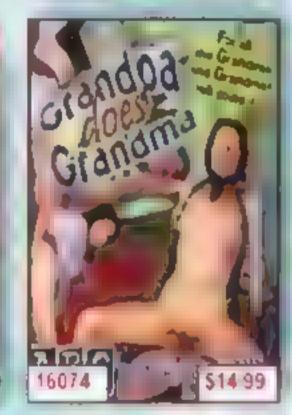




























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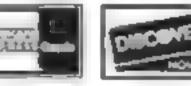
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Hey Jules, take a bad boy and make him feel better. You your pussy

can use your mouth and your tongue. You can use and your ass. Then when you're done and they're done, lick it all into your warm wet mouth and swallow it all. For sure, that will make it better.

























Continued from page 70 at me, "How about we watch a movie?" She suggested. I contained myself. "Sure, what do you have in mind?" "Does it matter?" she replied. Tasha grabbed my hand and we walked hand in hand the couple blocks to her flat.

I am now sitting on her overstuffed sofa. She turned off the lights and joined me on the couch after putting a movie on the telly. Soon, I stopped paying attention to the movie and worked up courage to make a move. I moved my left hand across my thighs, to hers, and just rested my hand mid-thigh. Her muscle was tense but softened within a few seconds, then I continued slowly moved my hand up and inward towards her crotch. Her breathing was quickening and shaking, along with mine. We were staring into each other's eyes as I undid the pants button and zipper, and slid my hand in. Her eyes were now closed, her head tilted back, and lips partly open. Her breasts moved up and down as her breathing got heavier, and a light moaned escaped her. I stopped and pulled my hand out, staring at her.

Tasha cupped my face and our lips touched and parted for our tongues, which explored each other's mouths. "I think it's time that we went to the bedroom." Once inside, I grabbed her and threw her against the bed. I began to kiss her again and she responded in kind. I got to my knees and removed her pants slowly, kissing her thigh and going down along with the pants. Kissing her calf, knee, thigh, I slowly brushed my lips and nose against her crotch teasing her, then to her belly button and breasts. Within seconds, the rest of her clothes were off and laying in a heap on the floor. Tasha hands slid under my panties and she began to slowly rub my clit, "You're so wet." she whispered. A moan escaped my lips, and for a moment I was overwhelmed. I almost came there, but held it back.

I pulled away and removed her bra. She then removed my underwear for me and hers. I embraced her, kissing her neck and slowly rubbed the inside of her thigh. My lips traveled down to her nipples and I began to suck on them. She began to moan again, louder with each following moan. I stopped sucking her nipples, and slowly eased a finger in her warm wet pussy, and then another. I slowly slid them in and out of her, exploring her inside and out. I watched her breathing, pacing my thrusts with her breath strokes. Her moans were growing louder and longer, and her fingers began to scratch my back. Her breathing became harsh, fast, and heavy,

and her back arched. There was one last long loud moan and her pelvis shot up and down, and her legs curled in along with her fingers and toes. Her whole body became one spasm event, and her long nails cut my back. The whole time I didn't stop shoving my fingers in and out of her. When her vagina relaxed and her body was calm again, she opened her eyes wide and a large grin spread across her face. I smiled back, happy that I could make her cum so quickly. "Now it's your turn." she said to me.



Grabbing my hips, Tasha rolled me over to my back, She the hand I used to fuck her and licked of all her cum off, slowly and sexy. She put my hands over my head and scooted herself down my quivering body. Her fingers slid inside me slowly, parting my labia and then her tongue found my clit. She licked to the rhythm of how fast she put her fingers in and out. She changed her pattern and sucked, and would go back and forth. She moaned along with me, which made everything feel even better. The pressure built up along with our moans. When I couldn't hold it in anymore, I screamed, and she kept going. Not stopping even after I had cum, she continued to suck and thrust. I came again and again, and one more time.

When I settled down, she slid her fingers out and laid down next to me. Resting her head on my shoulder with her arm across my body. She stared at me, it was an innocent stare, but we didn't say anything for the fear of ruining the moment, so I just stared into her wide ocean eyes in total bliss. We both fell asleep at the same time, holding each other, our legs intertwined, cuddled under a large down comforter as the irrepressible London rain began to fall once again.

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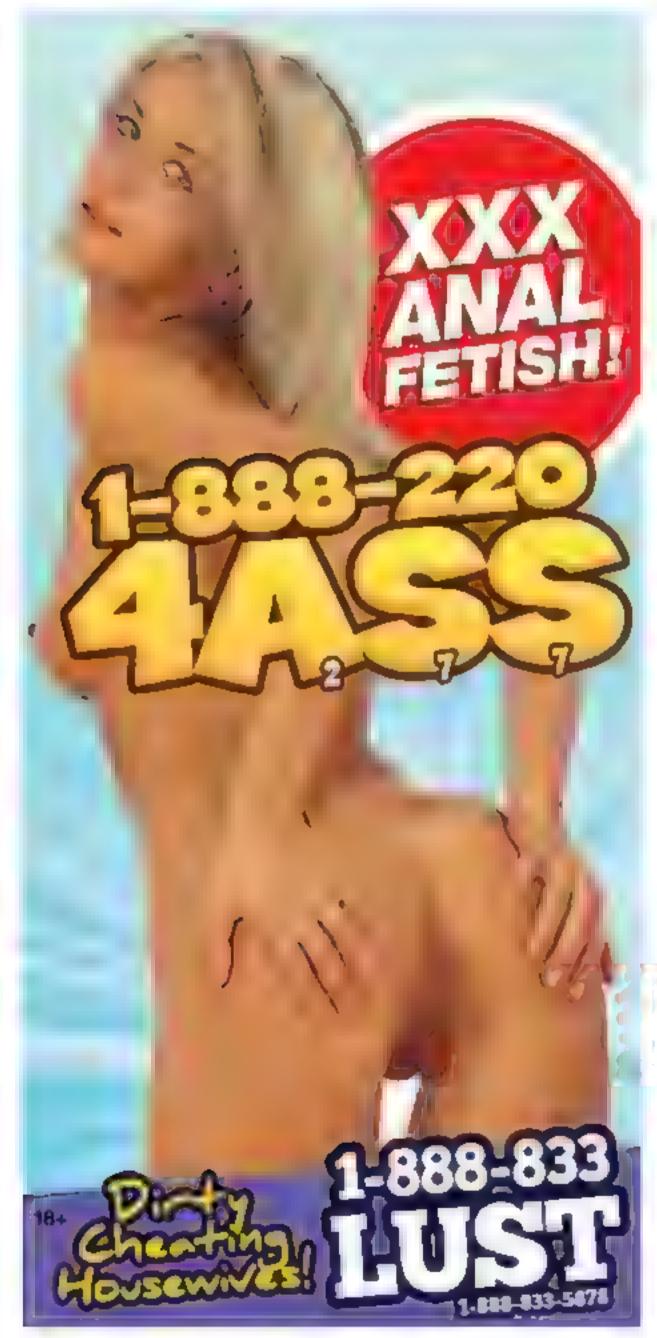
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